Date: 11-22-88 23:20
From: Sourdough Jackson
To: All
Subj: Beneath the Full Moon

BENEATH THE FULL MOON

Come, I will sing it in your ear:

Your dancing days are come.

All the feeling you hold dear

Will lift your spirit some;

Dance until the rosey dawn

All in a gay, glad rag.

     I carry the Sun in a golden cup,

     The Moon in a silver bag.

And I will sing you merrily

Into my ring of dooms,

And I will twine into your hair

A wreath of maiden blooms.

You'll turn, when dancing days wane low

To Crone, but not to Hag.

     I carry the Sun in a golden cup,

     The Moon in a silver bag.

As Maiden grows to Mother,

And Mother into Crone,

Dance, My darling daughter,

Beneath My rounded Moon.

Dance in argent splendor

Until your spirits flag.

     I carry the Sun in a golden cup,

     The Moon in a silver bag.

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--- Gnome v1.20

 * Origin: The Lizard King-"I am the Lizard King; I can do anything."(1:104/45.5)